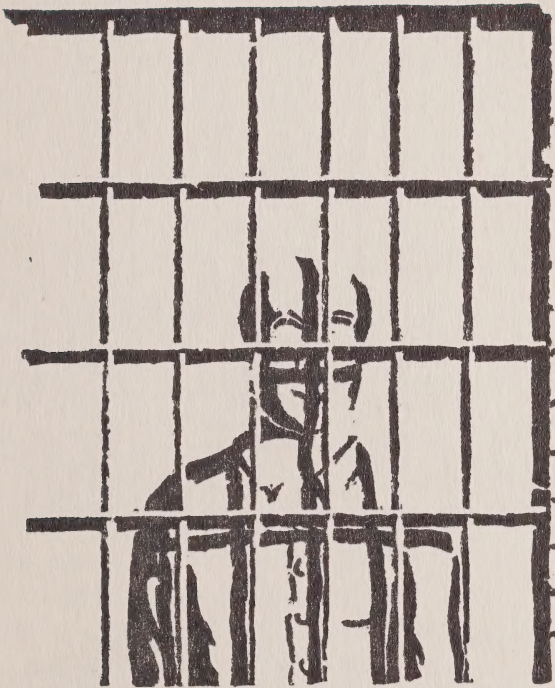


V. 13, no. 5

THE MOUNTAIN ECHOES



RECIDIVISM

SEPTEMBER
OCTOBER



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WE'RE SORRY WE'RE LATE

The Mountain Echoes have been luckless in keeping a full staff. With losing them to the farm Annex and Hospital (our Editor went last month) we have been unable to keep our schedule. We hope you will bear with us for the end of this year, (Nov-Dec. Issue will be out around Dec.15) and we will endeavour to catch up.

Thank You,

Mountain Echoes Staff

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The Mountain Echoes is hand-composited and published bi-monthly by the inmates of Manitoba Penitentiary, with the kind permission of the Commissioner of Penitentiaries, A.J. McLeod. It is designed to promote a better understanding between inmate and public.

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The Editors' Page

AS TIME GOES BY

Through the years, countless people have ventured to ask the question, "what is the purpose of the Penal Press?" Difference of opinion has brought out a varied assortment of answers. Most of them have been of the hit and miss judgements, while some may have been just what the doctor ordered — and then, as always, within any group, there were the few with their far-fetched declarations. But, whatever answer was given, it was a personal opinion — and it was expected from the readers.

There are more than likely several vital purposes of the Penal Press, and each one is a good and substantial aim that could materialize into a workable plan. Many of these have been applied over the years and have come up lacking in some phase of the application — some of the others have been experimented with and met with approval to the extent certain systems were found to be workable and fully applicable. These applications, through experiments, are the product of the Penal Press — merely suggested solutions, but carried out. Some people might consider them just feeble steps toward a more feasible answer — in a sense, that is precisely what they are — but they are a step! AND, in the right direction. But, one step is only a point of entry. Actually, one step isn't very much. This brings to mind something I've heard voiced many times — "every journey must begin with a single step."

On one thing, we can all agree — the aim in prisons of the world is the rehabilitation and resocialization of its prisoners. I personally believe, the results of this ideal are on a par with the assistance given.

Prison knowledge of most free men and women is acquired from TV viewing or the watching of a movie in a theater. Convicts are usually portrayed by villainous-looking types to coincide with thoughts Mr. Average Citizen maintains on the inhabitants of prisons — thoughts distorted further by the everyday portrayals gleaned through cleverly-written digests of criminals by newspaper reporters, in countless cities, covering trials of the accused the "menace to Society."

We are expected to educate ourselves so that we will become a suitable asset to Society — not to abide by its rules alone and reside with it, but to become a part of it. What of Society — what of their education? Should they not be taught some way to abolish this hideous apparition they instilled in their minds? Who could be blamed for this misconception

Penal education can and must work two ways—Society is lacking in their knowledge of the men and women who were once a part of their everyday life. It isn't too difficult to remember that every convict was a man, a human being, a member of Society — before he became a convict. He is still a man today — and a human being created and given life by the same Creator that formed us as men and women.

A suitable purpose could be to educate Society to the problems of the inmate body. Ascertaining this, another question rears its head — what problems are Society interested in, if they are? Each and every month, there are countless pages of type set for the various editorials and articles devoted to the problems of the inmates. Very few of the technically personal matters are touched upon — the main vein is to the inmate body as a whole. However, it is my opinion that Society is not too vitally concerned or interested in whether or not the inmate gets one third of his time off, or whether he has a better parole system, or how much work we do while being incarcerated. I feel that they are more interested in just why we do commit these crimes that result in our coming to these jails. And, what is more important, by far, just what we are doing to prevent the same thing from happening again. A goodly share of us accept and take advantage of the help that is offered — and look for more.

What greater thing can man do than help another, assisting him by extending a helping hand and show him how he might help himself. In most of us, a shell of hardness persists — some of us are anti-social, and others are not quite certain of their assets and could sway either way. Bitterness in a soul has been obliterated many, many times by a kind deed, the right word at the opportune time, an extended helping hand. Yet, overall, thousands seek to find and come up lacking. Who would be the one at fault, should the blame rest on the convict or upon the public? I believe the answer is obvious — even our letters to loved ones are censored. Shackles are confining, the old ones unseen, even more so.

What then would a person say are the accomplishments of the Penal Press? Are the results of vital importance and worthy of mentioning as accomplishing their purpose? Personally, I do not have that conviction — the results are far from being complete. My opinion is that the Penal Press is not doing the job that it could. The effort is going into the process but the important part of such a program is the audience — not any certain part of it but affecting every reader — its entirety is vital. We seem to be more interested in placing the emphasis on our many minor problems and airing them to Society as a whole, assuming they get that far, and thus

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THE SOCIAL ANIMAL IN EXILE

A LOOK INTO GROUP THERAPY AT STONY MOUNTAIN

By Frank L. Morton

Group Therapy: (as one inmate so deftly described it) "A place where a man can lay out a personal problem to a group, kick it around, and know it's not going to go any further."

In prison, a man's problems seem and in many instances are, more flagrant than those of his outside counterpart. The reasons for this are many. The lack of a suitable release for pentup emotions; the frustrating inability to do anything marital, domestic, and personal difficulties that arise with loved ones on the outside; the absence of a normal male-female relationship and many more—in fact, more than present time and space allows.

What does a man do under these conditions when his problems or difficulties become too much for him? Should he request an interview with the psychiatrist, psychologist, the priest or the minister? Yes, he should, and some men do just that; than again, many others do not. Many have lost faith in officialdom, be it religious or otherwise. Many of those that do request to see someone in the above capacity are looking for an immediate answer, and, in not finding it, become even more discouraged and worked up. The administration also has its encum-

brances in this respect, as the size of the population prohibits individual attention in most cases. The question uppermost in our minds now is, where does the inmate turn? Should he turn to his fellow prisoner who has personal problems of his own, and who probably feels they are more immediate, if not more important, than his fellow's? No, this is not going to solve his dilemma, and neither is group therapy—but, group therapy is a beginning.

Group therapy provides a miniature social community in which social learning can take place under conditions more favorable for the inmate than those of the larger prison community. It allows the individual to take a role of some importance and voice his views on the problems of others, as well as his own. It affords him beneficial practice in the sharing of intelligent discussion, thereby, enlarging his perspective. To be brief it awards him the opportunity to share in communicative activity that promotes logical thinking and a better understanding of personalities and their problems—consequently, a better understanding of his own.

A short time ago, this writer had the pleasure of sitting in on a

series of therapeutic sessions—which, by the way, he thoroughly enjoyed. They proved to be quite interesting and enlightening to all concerned. The group was relatively small—nine including the therapist and the author—and varied in age, the youngest being 25 and the oldest man 43. Topics discussed ranged from general politics to world affairs, to the very infinite personality problems of the men themselves. At the conclusion of this session, the following question was asked of the participants: Do you feel that you have personally benefited from this type of open discussion? The answers to this question were as follows:

Sam K. "Yes, I feel that I have gained a deeper understanding of my personal problems by making an effort to understand the problems of others."

Sam is a student of psychology and when asked if attending these sessions had helped him in his studies he answered. "Yes, it has given me a greater insight into the problems, opinions, outlets and attitudes of others."

Frank S. "Any experience one has provides benefits in one way or another. Even talking about yourself to a group of listeners is a good thing. Of course, anyone attending these groups in the hope of discovering a quick miracle will be sadly disappointed; but, over a

period of time, benefits can be reaped."

Johnson. "I'm not much of a talker myself, but I think I have come up with a greater understanding of my own personal behavior by being a good listener. I attended group therapy last year with a younger group and honestly didn't get much from it. But, this year, being in a group with older, more experienced men, I find that I have actually leaned something."

Sam A. "Yes, quite a bit. I now have a better understanding of myself, and to my surprise, I found that I am not the only person in the world who finds it hard to cope with situations involved in everyday living. Discussing my material problems in the open like this, has relieved a great deal of animosity that I have been feeling towards certain people."

John M. "At first, I didn't cotton to the idea of exposing my private affairs to a group, but after two or three sessions I found myself wanting to talk about them. Discussing your problems in a group can lead to a way of solving them. At least this type of thing gives a man practice in keeping an open mind. I know from experience that once man develops a negative attitude towards life he's had it."

Jack B. "In the beginning, I also had my doubts about the success of this venture. However, I

have enjoyed listening to some of these discussions, and I think it's very good for a man to be able to lay out a problem to a group such as this, kick it around, and know it's not going to go any further. I also think there should be an increase in the number of groups for the next session; a lot more people in here can benefit from this sort of thing."

Dr. Norton, the Penitentiary Psychologist, and therapist for this particular group, said, in a short informal interview, that group therapy offered his department a personal look at the inmate that was beneficial in their work. He said that this current group, though

it was not picked in any special way, was surprisingly well matched. That is to say, their individual problems were closely related. He also expressed his pleasure with the results of the current series and said he looked forward to another session, possibly in the autumn.

It is quite evident that Group Therapy at Stony Mountain has proven itself to be a refreshing success. But is group therapy, alone, the answer? Or is it only but a small portion of the overall rehabilitation scheme needed in Canadian penitentiaries? Let us hope that this question is answered in the near future.

an ode

When the morning sun chases the night,

And bids the world good-day,

When sleepy heads arouse themselves,

And go cheerfully on their way,

When borders fall and boundries fade,

And neighbors one and all,

Are greeted as one throughout the world,

T'll be a beautiful day.

. by charles

SUNDAY

SPOTLIGHT

Well, you did it again, you show people. You came out here and put on one, really, swinging concert. Our heartfelt thanks goes out to each and every one of you:

Miss Merial Genthon, whose earthy blues voice treated us to such old standards as Birth of the Blues, Melody D'Amour, You Made Me Love You, Bill Bailey, and St. Louis Blues.

The Bonny Sisters, three little girls in blue — who have grown up considerably, and I might add delightfully, since I last had the pleasure of seeing and hearing them sing — staged a performance that stacks up against the best of the more renowned groups of our time. Songs like Yellow Bird, Many tears Ago, and Paper Roses, sung with a superb blending of voices, angelic to the ears.

Jim Lewis, a newcomer to our domain, whose comic attire, jokes and witticisms did much to swing us into a jovial mood; a welshman with a bango and a couple of funny parodies. Come back again, Jim, we enjoyed having you out.

Betty Graham? Oh yes, Betty Graham! Whose beautiful arrangement of I Left My Heart in San

Francisco, created in me, and I'm sure many others, a nostalgia for that ever-famous city on the bay—even though I was born many, many miles from there. A very alluring lovely in a silver gown, with a big voice and lots of show-biz know-how, whose performance was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

And, last on the show, but not least by any stretch of the imagination, The Fashion Four. Yes, that's right, there are four of them again. And the fourth is just as crazy as the other three. It's always a pleasure to see you guys out here. Your every performance is a show itself. A great blending of voices, coupled with showmanship galore, makes you a smashing success in our humble eyes; and by the way, please forget about "building that Stony Mountain." Believe me, one is enough!

A thunderous applause goes out to M.C. Larry Gershman who was kind enough to bring us this swinging concert, and to the Trio who supplied the music—George Goulet on guitar, Gene Andrushkoon piano and Dave McKay on drums. The music was a gas, fellows.

NATIVE BROTHERHOOD ANNUAL BANQUET

On Sunday, September 6th, 1964 the Native Brotherhood of Stony Mountain Penitentiary had its 2nd Anniversary Banquet. The presiding officers were; N. Nesekapow, President; H. Houle - Chairman; B. Peltier - Vice Pres. and L. Hayden Secretary; the 4 Counselors were E. Littlejohn; K. Wasieana; R. Wilson; and C. Henry.

Before the official opening of the meeting, B. Peltier and His Pals Littlejohn, Mitchell, Beaulea, and Audy, gave up a sampling of their music while the members gathered in the gym. At 10:30, the chairman asked everyone to be seated. As quiet reigned, Reverend Brandt opened the meeting in prayer.

"Big Chief" Mr. Black spoke in behalf of the administration introducing the new liaison officer, Mr. Copperthwaite, as 'Inside Sponsor' of the Group and then wished everyone a good year. In closing his opening address, Mr. Black won the attention of the many members with an appropriate story: There was an Indian eating with a visiting white man. Observing how much the Indian ate, the white man remarked, "I wish I had your appetite." The Indian stopped eating, looked up and said, "first you take our land, then our furs, and now you want our appetites." (ED. H-mm)

Mr. Lloyd Lent from the Friendship Center, spoke in behalf of Miss

Jean Cuthand who is on a trip in the U.S.A. He spoke of the help extended to all the Indians who come to the Center upon their arrival in Winnipeg, and then told of the many ways the Center functions.

Noah Nesekapow spoke on how we shun responsibility—doing so, we are lost. Without taking an active part and voicing our opinions, we are lost forever. Carrying on further with his opinions, he spoke of self-endeavor instead of depending on monthly help from the Government — and, being darker in color did not detract from the fact they should be proud of being Canadian Citizens.

The Chairman then asked Rev. Brandt to give Grace before the members joined the line assembling alongside a wonderfully displayed buffet luncheon. (Mr. Tom Breen, of Alcoholics Anonymous, was almost first in line. Here's to T.B.)

At 12:45, the banquet proceedings were moved to the Protestant Chapel for the remainder of the program. Blackie and His Pals were ably assisted by Mr. Tony Myers and Mr. Malcolm Anderson in providing after-dinner music. Mr. Myers is an artist with his 24 inch (small) electric mouth organ. He has a group band outside, of which, he and Mr. Anderson, the drummer, are the only non-Indians.

Of the few numbers played, their musical talents were quite evident.

Following the music interlude, the first speaker of the afternoon was Mr. Ray Perry, the Outside Sponsor for the Group. He exemplifies an example of man—making a decent life for himself—no matter what race, color, or creed. Mentioning how the Fellowship and AA was helping him on the street, he spoke of what his duties at the friendship Center consisted. For 17 months, he has lived a good life with the benefits gained from his participation in these Help-Programs, and his will to do.

Duke Elderkin represented the Group here and spoke of the help he has derived from the AA program. He explained that alcoholism is a 3-fold disease—Physically, Mentally, and Spiritually. AA, for him has given him understanding of many things and helped him in his attitude toward others. It is 'The answer to every alcoholic problem big or small.

Mr. Copperthwaite stated how pleased he was to be the one chosen for this position and would do his best to make the following year a success.

Ken Howard offered an extended hand to all from the John Howard Society by saying if anyone needed aid, and they thought it was for a good cause, they would do everything possible in assisting. Rehabilitation is not in their category of

help—the individual himself acquires that through his own efforts.

Adam Brandt suggested creating harmony between our fellow men. Told of a philosopher claiming the Lost Tribe Of Israel were the North American Indian. Though not an educated man, Adam does his best, speaking with sincerity.

Tony Myers reminisced about a trapper up North and living with the Indians—hearing their music and how it interested him. Among his many remarks on the heritage of the Indian, he stated that they were very good workers and trustworthy—something every Indian should feel proud of.

A brief intermission followed during which Blackie and his pals serenaded while refreshments were served.

After the break, Tom Breen extended his thanks for being invited. He held to his conviction that anyone with a drinking problem should go to AA and try to find the answer. Closing, he wished the best of everything for the coming year to the Native Brotherhood.

Earl Duncan of the Friendship Center explained his position at the Center as that of a court worker. He mentioned: the new friends he had found in AA and how to live right—man is not a machine but human and entitled to make mistakes—don't press your luck by repeating them—carrying his message to alcoholics as he knew what

a drunk is like, doing a job through AA is fairly easy, think things out before leaping, ask a question and then think again.

Mr. Black came on again with a few closing thoughts: life is like a highway and coming to a cross, roads we must stop, look, and listen—it pays in the long run. Speak-

ing in behalf of the members, he thanked one and all.

Reverend Father A. Schretlen S.J. gave his thanks in appreciation for being invited, and telling us that he was also grateful for what AA has done for others.

Adam Brandt then closed the meeting with The Lord's Prayer.

Amateur Contest

The Labour Day Amateur Contest was the second of its kind this year. In some ways it was an improvement over the previous one, however, entertainment-wise it was a poor example of the quality that this institution has produced in the past and is still capable of producing.

Have you ever attempted to plant yourself firmly in front of three hundred men and sing a love ballad without any background music, absolutely no mood, a total lack of atmosphere, a bad microphone and no acoustics what so ever? Well, I have—and let me tell you, it's tough! I suggest before we criticize we take a look at what the singers on our stage are up against. (Have you ever noticed the Pros from down town cocking their ears and tapping the mike trying to tell if they are projecting into the auditorium?) Believe me—under the above conditions, Andy Williams would be a flop!

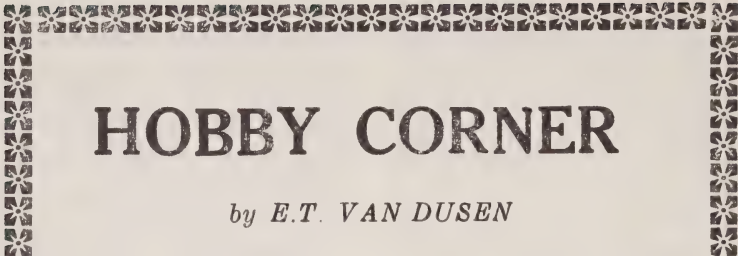
There are a number of good musicians who are proficient enough at making sounds to form a 'pop' music group for the purpose of backing singers, to say nothing of the addition of variety to the musical program. The western musicians appear capable, willing, and able to do this, so why not you other cats?

With Christmas just around the corner and, in all probability, an inmate concert, let's see if we can make an outstanding effort to improve on the above stumbling blocks—such as the organization of a combo for one thing. After all, to coin a phrase, if something is worth doing, it's worth doing well.

One fellow said to me, "Well, Hell man—how do you expect a guy to get up any spirit in here?"

Spirit is but a state of mind, and all it takes to get it is a change of thought. This would be a sorry world if we couldn't muster a little of it

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HOBBY CORNER

by E.T. VAN DUSEN

In the last issue, I stated that I would try to give some information on Petit Point. To begin with, Petit Point is a combination of crocheting and art work in thread. It has become one of Canada's major hobby crafts and one of the most fascinating and interesting forms of diversion for hobby that I know of today.

In the United States, this craft is virtually unknown and, it is really a shame, because of the beautiful results that one achieves through this tapestry in thread.

Petit point should well be named the Father of the do-it-yourself craze, in that it has been in the hobby division longer than any one of the other "guide-type" crafts. In the "paint by number" sets, a small picture of the finished painting is furnished as a means of observing how the article you are painting should look. A printed outline of the actual painting is provided on a canvas-type board, with numbers in the various spaces to show the painter where to put his colors, which come in handy numbered jars. All the painter has to do is

select the number that is on the canvas, then pick the corresponding jar with the same number, and he is in business.

In petit point, a large cheese-cloth type of material is supplied. This cloth is then stretched on a wooden frame to a tightness that eliminates all sag, making certain that the lines of the cloth are in line, both horizontally and vertically so that the finished work will not be crooked and out of shape.

Many companies furnish catalogs that show the varied scenes and figures which are offered in either one thread, two thread, or three thread kits.

In the kit, a cloth is provided with a schedule of the design on a large printed paper. This paper consists of a duplicate of every square to be sewn in the cloth. Symbols are used instead of numbers to denote the various colors the hobbist must use.

If the Petit Point in question is a three thread, it will require less close work on the sewer's part, as he can see the stitches much easier

and the thread covers a larger portion of the cloth than that of a one thread. Naturally a one thread is in more demand because the stitches are closer and the detail is much more in evidence. But the one thread Petit Point is very costly both to the hobbyist and the eventual purchaser, for the obvious reason that a greater amount of skill must be used to make the finished product a success. The patience required to do one thread work is mountainous and the purchaser can be justly proud in owning any piece done accordingly.

The amount of tension that the sewer puts into his work is the key to the overall beauty of the finished work, and experts on this subject can detect a very good piece of work from that of an average run-of-the-mill job.

Since I have been here, I have come to recognize the mainstays in the Petit Point field. They are: Shepherd' Idyl, The Gleaners, Blue Boy, Pinky, Red Boy, Indian Chief, Indian Maiden, Rose Bowers, General Flowers, etcetera.

In my ignorance, one day, I asked a fellow what it would cost to make a nice bed spread in the Petit Point fashion. He very quickly told me that it would amount to more than he'd care to put out. In the final analysis, the price of Petit Point to the hobbyist is quite high and the work that goes into the finished product

amounts to many weeks of very hard and concentrated labor on his part. Anyone paying for a finished article from the Stony Mountain Hobby Shop should not feel that they are being over-charged in any way-as these men do not charge near the price that would be asked by a professional seller on the outside.

If a visitor could see the care that these men put into their work, they would immediately know that they were privileged in their selections.

To watch a man at work with the thread is a marvel in itself. The worker takes a stretcher frame that has his screen taut on it. He seats himself in a chair and tilts the frame against the table edge, balancing the frame on his knees, or laying it directly on the table with just a small amount of the frame exposed where he can commence his stitching from the underside of the cloth. His chart is rolled up on a wood roller exposing that part of the chart he will work on. With needle in hand, he begins to sew. Bent over the work, he judiciously inserts the needle from the underside of the cloth, bringing it upward and then back down through another opening diagonal to the hole he just emerged from.

Usually the worker will sew in all the same color before he goes on to another color. Someone looking on would get the impression

that all he had was a colorful mess, with all the many spots of color and no apparent continuity to the overall effect. But then nearing the end of the work of art, the needle work begins to take shape and the spaces that are being filled in bring about a beautiful and most pleasing panorama of gay and sprightly color that make a very desirable piece of art in needle work.

When the piece is finished, there is the job of selecting the right backing and framing for the overall work. A backing cloth, of some beauty itself, is selected to back up the scene and the space around the

design or picture on the screen.

From the amateur standpoint, you have seen that there is much to do and much preparation of the material before and after the initial work itself. In the end, the hobbyist and the purchaser are well pleased with the results of their art and the worker goes on to make another petit point in his never-ceasing labors.

Next issue we'll cover another facet of needlework and try to give an overall picture of all the many hobbies under the heading of needlework, for your pleasure and understanding. Adios.

Editors' Page

Cont. From Page 4

succeed in burying the important issues! I would like to definitely assert that I am not inferring the Penal Press is serving no purpose whatsoever as there are many important issues brought to light through its printed pages. I infer ONLY that far too much time and space is being utilized on trivialities. Years of back issues of Penal Publications can substantiate that statement. Progress is still in the throes of becoming noticeable by the few advancements that have been accomplished.

Is the Penal Press reaching the outside world, that part which could do some good? I believe, to a degree, it definitely is — and I am emphatic in that assertion. It is gratifying to note that over the past few years there has been a tremendous step forward in both the literary and the educational writings produced within the pages of the Penal Press. This has been largely due to the hard work of a minority group of the inmate body. Perseverance has been coupled with the many years of concentrated efforts given. In all fairness, a hand of applause to those contributors who gave so staunchly of their efforts in such a thankless cause. A pat on the back would be grossly inadequate.

My views put forth in this column are those of the writer only and they are most assuredly open to discussion and/or criticism. My opinion is but a voice amongst the inmate body. My thanks to those mentioned above is of the same calibre of voice, but with sincerity.

BARD'S
NOOK

of songs and sonnets

Purpose

A leaf drifting on the wind
One fiery autumn day,
Floated softly down to earth
And at my feet it lay.

At first it shivered slightly
And then lay very still;
I marvelled at its knowledge
Of winter's coming chill.

As soon, its mother's blanket,
Of pure white fluffy down,
Will cover it so gently
And all the country round.

All through the long cold winter
The leaf will stagnant lay,
Until the days grow longer
And spring bursts into May.

And then in unsung glory!
Nature's bidding it will do,
To aid the growing of other
Plants, blossoming anew!

And Yet

Fourteen miles
Of snow and ice;
A wall
Of thirty feet;
A house
Of stone and steel;
A cell—
Complete defeat!

A + Picture

Hello there!
Yes you with the Irish
Mist in your eye,
The face that I worship,
So young, so wise.

The mother of three
Children are thee,
And still as young and
Fresh as can be.

The body of Venus,
Cast from her mold,
The body I long to
Caress, to hold.

Your image brings a
Tear to my eye,
Yes you to whom I
Said my goodbye;
Hello there!

March Wind

O'vicious wind of March, blow wild,
How soothing is your roaring sound;
Into this life of mine so mild,
In freelance spirit you abound.

Like bursting waves upon a reef,
Like roaring surf upon a shore;
Sing out O' sea beyond belief—
Cry out O' waves forever more.

O'howling, renting, ripping gale;
O'mighty lion roaring loud,
On stormy sea I have set sail—
Before the helm I laugh aloud.

With wind-strewn hair on head held high,
Astride the deck in midst the storm;
Steer straight for hell—tornado's eye
And know for this that I was born.

O'howling heart on rampage roll;
O' squall that blows with mounting might;
Aloft and soaring is my soul—
In starless sky at black of night.

I Saw A Morning Sky

The morning sun takes thought to rise
Beneath a crimson flare;
On lands of green and rushing blue,
Its redness everywhere.

With kiss of fire, the morning skies
Paint pine a bleeding gold,
And yonder banks of limpid pool
Ablaze in flaming mould.

No artist's brush to paint this scene;
No canvas to compare,
As I alone beside the road
In awesome wonder stare.

DOVE SONO I BEL MOMENTI

Where are the lovely moments
Of lost childhood?
Riding on the
Dunes of sandbox waste,
Two boyhood friends,
Inseparable
On dream-stallions of white;
Reluctant at journey's end
In twilight sky.

Where are the lovely moments
Of carefree youth?
Splashing gaily
Where briny surf scolds
White sanded shores;
Young womanhood,
All golden in her ripeness,
Wanton thighs caressing thighs
So close beside.

Where are the lovely moments
Of contentment?
Restful evenings
Near a fires glow;
Haunting music
Playing softly,
As silent native dancers
On the opaque wall reflect
Their pagan love

Where are the lovely moments
Of endearment?
Tender moments
Sweetened by fragrant
Flowing nectar,
Ascending on

The ebb of love's deep passion,
As the pulsing wavelets kiss
The perfumed air.

What Fools We Are

What fools we are who seek riches and fame
Wandering the earth in endless search
Of glory, forever feeding egos aflame,
As through life in our drunkenness we lurch.
Oh what fools we who seek life's absolutes:
Who confused and adrift in maze of mind
Continuously find nature confutes
The religious moral laws of mankind.
Oh yes, what fools we are in our blindness
Of life's true purpose and shortening span;
Of man made supreme in nature's kindness,
And the woman who fulfills nature's plan.
For only woman with love's deep passion
Can offer man peace and satisfaction.

I Think Of Roads

I think of roads, miles of roads smooth and wide;
Forever winding, narrow and laden with dust.
Roads northward through the hot breath of August;
Roads south when raw winds take rise to chide
And taunt the fading summer. Roads that guide,
And roads that lead astray; those that are just,
Harmonious, and true; roads paved with lust
Where pleasure's a must, and free love the tide.

I think of roads not as roads, but as rivers,
Homeward bound in twilight emerald green.
Roads of hope, of joy in sun spilled splendor;
Of passion in the night, so warm and tender.
Sweet roads of parting as moonlight quivers
And the dawn gently smothers love's last beam.

..... by frank morton

for better or verse

The Mortified Monk **OR: *Dreams Ain't Everything***

Monty the Monk looked over his team and in his eye a peculiar gleam . . . he'd planned to out-maneuver the Rebs . . . and make them look like a bunch of debs . . . with rule-book in hand he watched every play . . . his sharp eyes scanned his opponents that day . . . he made a very solemn vow . . . that he'd teach them where and when and how . . . a good team could come in first . . . without a stop to quench their thirst . . . by the end of the ninth inning of play . . . the Rebs would have to call it a day . . . he could see it now in headlines wide . . . **THE REBS JUST COULDN'T STEM THE TIDE** . . . he giggled then and smacked his hand and the thoughts he had were really grand . . . the time went by as he dreamed and dreamed . . . time forgotten as he plotted and schemed . . . innings came and quickly went batters went out and more were sent . . . Monty dreamed on without abate . . . the day was passing it was getting late he dimly heard a roaring sound . . . his ecstasy could not be bound . . . he knew it was a winning score . . . this was the reason for the clamoring roar . . . the noise died down as the crowd departed . . . some were happy, others downhearted . . . slowly the people left the park . . . and left ole Monk out in the dark when out of the darkness he heard his name and something about the end of the game "Yeah I don't know how to tell you, Monk . . . they whipped us good and gave us a skunk" Monty snapped out of his grandiose dreams . . . his shirt swelled up 'till it burst it's seams . . . "What's that you say," in a voice so gruff "Them gals were just too gol darned tough?"

The moral of this story is very quickly noted — — It's a long road to glory, and it's never sugar coated.

. . . . by e.t. van dusen

Christian Fellowship

ONWARD AND UPWARD

Steering Committee

Every Friday night, in the school room, there meets a group of men whose common interest is to endeavour to understand and improve his life through the teachings of the Christian Faith.

This group has a membership of about 13 members (give or take a few). It has a Chairman who maintains order and serenity in the group, vice-chairman who backs up the chairman in many capacities, a Secretary who keeps the records of all meetings and answers all correspondence; two committee men, one for the library and one for the recording of the attendance.

In writing about this group one has to keep in mind the purpose and intent of the individuals. They are sincere in their outlook in regards to their religious beliefs which are diversified. This is a group which has truly amalgamated the various religious beliefs of the individuals and accept them with tolerance and openmindedness. There is no bigotry or denial of faith.

The members of the group talk at each of the meetings on various topics, most of which are along the general lines of what Christianity means to them and what it can do for them. One member will talk on prayer, another on what good and evil means to him through his concept of faith. We have had talks on religions other than Christianity, and this gives us an insight into our own concepts to a deeper extent. This is the purpose, to this we hold and to this we keep our minds open, respecting the individuals concepts and honouring their moral evaluation of their faith.

The group was started in October of 1960, and consisted of about 12 members. This first group followed the same procedure as is followed in the present setup. In February of the next year our sponsor Rev. Wiznuk started talks on the ABC's of Religion which continued for six weeks. The tenor of Rev. Wiznuk's talks or philosophy of religion were followed

throughout the rest of the year and continued when in the next year he continued his expounding of religious philosophy. Other prominent speakers during the years have been Rev. F. Douglass, Mr. Bileski of the Youth for Christ Movement. During the years since the group inception we have had many excellent tapes and movies in the religious teachings of various groups.

In this year we finally got a constitution, setting forth the purpose and more-or-less legalizing our group in so far as a duly constituted group was concerned. The length of terms for the Officers and committee-men were stipulated, and the number of times one

could hold office.

We, in the future have hopes of seeing the Catholic Study Group and our group to combine for one or more meetings. In this way both groups will have a better understanding of what each is trying to attain. We may also begin to realize that all religious beliefs are similar and that only our narrow-mindedness has kept us apart. It would be interesting to us to find that we have started to put into practice what the great religious leaders of our day have been talking about, that of co-operation and recognition of the validity of our fellow-man's beliefs. This we should work towards in our dealings with each other.



Want To Do Time? - - - Go To Peru!

In the mountain town of Secuani, Peru, the jail is a model of free enterprise. According to a Des Moines Tribune dispatch, Peruvian prisons are not concerned with what you did, but with what you can afford. Television and all the comforts of home are available to the Peruvian jailbird providing he can pay for it.

Sleeping quarters are big empty rooms and you supply your own sack and blanket.

Those prisoners with initiative can start a small business enterprise and sell to outside retailers. Others spend their time sleeping in the sun or knitting. Peruvian Indians knit as well as their wives.

ALCOHOLICS

ANONYMOUS

by Bill P.

Who cares to admit complete defeat? Actually, no one. Every natural instinct cries out against the idea of personal powerlessness. It is hard to admit we are powerless over this dreaded disease, which is as quick to kill as cancer, and will continue to be as such for many years to come. Once we have looked this cold fact straight in the eye and decided to do something about it, we can then make an endeavor by starting at the beginning. On and on, through the years we have managed until our problems could not be handled by Alcoholic-soaked minds, powerless under the influence derived from old standbys: Seagram's and Canadian Club, to name a couple.

Let us look some at the other side of this problem, for a moment. Does your personality have anything to do with the effects liquor has on you? If you're an extrovert with an outgoing personality, you're much more likely to show the effects of intoxication than if you're a self-contained introvert. Researchers in the U.S. and England have proven that introverts need greater amounts of alcohol to obtain

"results". On the other hand, the introvert may have the desire of becoming intoxicated and having this desire would try to make his journey as speedy as possible. Gulping a single drink can have more apparent effect on a person who really wants to get stupefied than four or five on a sip-drinker who has resolved to avoid intoxication as long as possible.

There is an old question that has been subjected to heated arguments between the sober and unsober—does drinking impair your ability to think? Let's take note of the newly-improved outlook we now have on the problems of Personal importance: power, ambition, and leadership. These were rocks we landed on when we fell into the bottomless pit and lost. Our reign as an alcoholic king ended—even thoughts were dethroned. Nearly everyone of us has in our life, at one time or another, desired to attain a position of good living—some way we could raise our heads and maintain a stature of importance as if upholding an indispensable position. I wonder if the ones attaining these positions in life

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RECIDIVISM

by F.E.J. Hoppe

RECIDIVISM — (Webster's Dictionary) "state or quality of relapse; a falling back into prior criminal habits, especially after punishment."

Recidivism is a membership of men who recognize the common problem of inability to govern their lives temperately.

Convinced from experiences, every conviction has been a sinful act, a sin of gluttony that erupts into a multitude of other sins.

It is a mistake to assume the feeling of being "no good" because you have lost control of your life. One has to take into account that proverbial spark of goodness imbedded deep within.

A recidivist is a man having trouble governing his life temperately. He does not recognize the common problem to the extent of knowing how to combat it fully, his knowledge is limited being only first-hand.

Groups have been formed to help many afflictions of the mind and body, to give assistance to will power, etc. To mention an example or two: AA helps the alcoholic with the 12 Steps, and Group Therapy makes its move by open discussion amongst members speaking of their personal problems. These afflictions, as they might be called, have their help in these societies. Personally, what else could they be called but a sickness, and the known help might be classed as the only known medicine, that helps, usually, if administered with self-help and determination.

One society known as recidivists needs such help. Such a person has need for assistance—a helping hand along the lines given to others afflicted in various other maladies of like nature. Controversy may arise from the statement "recidivism is a sickness" but what else is it than a condition of the mind? A habitual drinker is treated as having a sickness that can be helped, thousands of individuals have proven that fact. But, actually, what has been done about the thousands of recidivists; what help has been forthcoming to them for straightening out otherwise troubled minds? Not too much! Group Therapy has come the closest to helping — a shot in the dark that has probed the outer crust but done nothing about the cause lying underneath. Something could and should be done in order to alleviate these troubled minds — men wanting to live respectable lives and who are constantly hampered with years of detrimental doings that have jeopardized

their lives to the extent of losing themselves in wasted time spent locked away from the Society they have caused harm to. As the years pass, a succession of incarcerations jeopardizing whatever goodness lies within — dormant!

Nothing definite in the solution field has been found. Experiments of various natures have sputtered and waned leaving the road open for more of the same. As another effort in the field, why not a society of recidivists being organized, a sort of a do-it-yourself effort? And, they could hold their group sessions by themselves, *unhampered by officials and outsiders*. No doubt, at first, some of the talk will center around get-rich-quick systems and modus operandi — these would fall into discussion along with the various successful and unsuccessful results ascertained along the way. But, ultimately, the purpose of determination would force itself into the channels of conversation — the serious thoughts behind the object of the get-together would bring forth suggestions of solutions and they would be thrashed out for their worth.

This society should have a working motto and expect it's members to live up to it, something such as **TOTAL ABSTINENCE**. Sounds like an advertisement for an AA program! But, if a person has the will power to do anything, they don't need the help and assistance of others. Self-determination is an attribute found in every man, the qualities are all that vary. Granted, a person is bound to slip every once in a while, but take a gander at the times they don't! That's a start, and in the right direction. Take advantage of the intellect you possess and put it to work — legitimately, for a change.

As an example, take into consideration, the prospective members are many — the operation needs a start and others will eventually come along even if only to get their kicks — until they like the taste of things! To actually quit doing something right off the handle after spending years trying to perfect set-up gimmicks that seemed to fall apart at the seams. Well, it's right back to that determination angle again. It's simple, if you got it, use it!

This "In and Out and Back Again" is a humiliating hardship to have to face time after time after time. Did you ever sit down and actually make use of that grey matter and think out some of those personal problems, sort of figure things out a little? What man hasn't cherished thoughts of loved ones — remembrances of certain places frequented — friends associated with at home and on The Avenue — an evening at home with a certain Someone for company — grab a phone and call "Hey, Joe, whats

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ODZ 'N ENZ

Long ago, there lived a poor, unhappy man named Benny. One day a Genie appeared and promised Benny an entire kingdom, on condition that he would never shave again. If he did shave, he would turn into an urn. Everything happened as promised and Benny lived happily—and unshaven—for the next twenty years. His only problem was that he kept tripping over his long beard. So, Benny shaved it off. Immediately, he became an urn.

MORAL: A Benny shaved is a Benny urned. (Anonymous)

SLANG?

Escapade's editors, who subscribe to the in-out-in theory of fashionability, herewith present a short glossary of 1940 slang in the belief that it is so far out the ultra-hip can now re-introduce it into sophisticated cocktail party conversation and be acclaimed for their droll wit.

An ear lowering a haircut
Super wonderful, marvelous
purty slake pretty slick
G. L. Good-looking
Witches' brew coffee
A queer an unpopular boy
Bushed tired out
Moo juice milk
Flip the tickets play cards
A hacker a stupid person

The cannibal Chief probed his bound victim in anticipation of what he might expect in tenderness of his prospective meal.

"What was your job before we captured you?" he asked.

"I was an editor."

"You're in for promotion," chuckled the Chief. "Soon you'll be editor-in-chief."—(Anonymous)

THE DRUNKARD'S PSALM

King Liquor is my shepherd, I shall always want

He maketh me lie down in the gutters;

He leadeth me into troubled waters;
He destroyeth my soul.

He leadeth me in the paths of ungodliness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in the valley of destruction, and have delirium tremors, I will cling to drink.

Thy bite and thy sting, they torment me;

Thou preparest an empty table in the sight of my family;

Thou anointest my head with hellishness;

My cup of wrath runneth over.

Surely trouble and misery shall follow me all the days of my life;

And I dwell in the house of the damned forever.

(From the War Cry, Sept. 5, 1964)

INSULTS?

The following insults were noted in DATEBOOK magazine, and are presented here as a public service feature to enable readers to keep abreast of current trends and fashions among the junior high set.

- You sure are strong, but smell isn't everything.
- You must have been a beautiful baby. What happened?
- As an outsider, what do you think of the human race?
- Fly away with me we'll use your broomstick.
- Your heart's in the right place . . . it's your head that worries me.
- Why don't you stop in for dinner, if you don't mind imposing.
- You've got a hole in your head, but that's beside the point.
- I'm forming an attachment for you . . . it fits right over your mouth.

NOT OUR DESCENDANT

Three monkeys sat in a cocoanut tree,
Discussing things as they used to be;
Said one to the other, "Now listen, you two,
There's a certain rumor that can't be true —
That man descended from our noble race;
The very idea is a shameful disgrace.
No monkey ever deserted his wife,
Starved her babies and ruined her life;
And you've never known another monk
To leave her babies with another to bunk;
Or pass them on from one to another
Till they scarcely know who is their mother.
And another thing you'll never see;
A monk build a fence 'round a cocoanut tree,
And let the cocoanuts go to waste,
Forbidding all the other monks a little taste.
Why if I'd put a fence around a tree,
Starvation would force you to steal from me.
Here's another thing a monk won't do —
Go out at night and get in a stew;
Or use a gun, a club, a knife,
To take some other monkey's life.
Yes, a man descended, the ornery cuss —
But, Brother, he didn't descend from us!

(From the Mentor)



STEVE BEE'S NEWS AND VIEWS

It's happened again! The Dodgers—considered a powerhouse in the local league — because the battery of Shaw and Whitely, when on, seemed unbeatable, (?) were eliminated in the semi-finals by Doug Derocher's twins. Though the Dodgers forced the series to go the limit of 5 games, they just couldn't come up with the spirit necessary to capture the big one—they lost to the twins by a score of eight to six.

The Twins played heads up ball behind the stellar pitching of Thomas who was up for this game—striking out ten — ably assisted by the big bats of Meccas, Allen, Towie and Derocher. The Twins wrapped up the semis and found themselves in the finals against McGarry's Orioles. The final score: — Twins 8 — Dodgers 6.

Sunday afternoon, September the 6th, in the local Auditorium, an amateur contest was held. Vying for recognition, in the entertainment field, were some twenty-odd contestants. Jean L. Lefebvre, a pleasing personality with real showmanship, captured first prize with his rendition of *Your Cheating Heart*. LaRiviere picked up second going away! The intensity of his voice, tone and mood, indicated LaRiviere is no newcomer to the entertainment field. I could be wrong — but! Awarded third prize in the concert was Isfeld. At the show's conclusion, John Nolan and his *Ally Cats* took over, entertaining everyone with favorite requests. A BO-KAY to all personnel who made the show possible — with everyone looking forward to your coming event in the future — our annual Christmas concert.

Seven! Eleven! Ace! Deuce! Nope, it's not a crap game — just some of the numbers one hears around here frequently each evening— football's here and local quarterbacks with teams at scrimmage find it tough forming basic plays with so many newcomers on the field. Players who have caught our eye have been: T. Trobec (HB)—Cheppaway (END)—Dagdick (HB) — Fika (GUARD) Balharry, and others we'll catch up to, after a few games are played. Four teams have been formed — and now that the races are over and gone, the coaches around here will find more HORSES on

their players than they could pick, during the season, at the Downs. Anyone for liniment?

Did you know — you can learn anywhere, anytime, as long as you yourself want to learn?

On a Sunday in August, the men at Stony Mountain were presented with a concert by a cavalcade of stars composed of: Meriel Genthon, The Bonny Sisters, Jim Lewis, Betty Graham and The Fashion Four (Canada's reply to the Beatles). Musical background was supplied by a trio of drum, guitar and piano — ably assisted by (MC) Larry Gershman. Starting with the blues, the stars took us down Melody Lane and had everyone rocking and rolling to Kansas City, winding up on a hilarious note listening to the jokes of the banjo playing Welshman. An enjoyable afternoon was spent with everyone looking forward to a return engagement. Many thanks from us to each of you.

Morse Place, an intermediate fastball club, visited here in the early part of August and defeated the B League All Stars 7 to 3 in 9 innings. The All Stars surprised one and all by coming up with a fine effort for 5 innings, holding the score at 3 to 2. In the 7th inning, Morse Place, through errors, managed to squeeze in another 5 runs thereby sewing up the game. The All Stars lacked the necessary punch to manage another run. The All Stars deserve a bouquet for their fine effort — this being their first game as a team. The local B-T-O's found themselves on the short end after the game by giving 7 runs! Woe is me — who has a BUTT?

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR: Ralph Cochrane, third baseman of the Twin's fastball club, receives my nomination for sportsman of the year. Playing to win but graceful in losing, Ralph, we have noticed is fair at all times — accepts the official's decision without beefs, conducts himself with dignity, and plays the game for the game's sake. We salute you, Ralph Cochrane.

ORIOLES — FASTBALL CHAMPS: In three straight games, the powerful Orioles defeated the Twins, the winners of the semi-finals. The Orioles big bats contributed by playing manager McGarry, center field Johnson, and third baseman Keller were just too much for the Twins to contend with. In the last and final game, Keller of the Orioles, had a field day — hitting two home runs, with men on bases and scoring six runs by himself! Final Score: Orioles 9—Twins (no score). The Orioles have now captured the fastball trophy for 1964-1965. The best of luck is sent to all the Orioles from the Twins and Dodgers-But, wait until next year!

RECIDIVISM

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on for tonight?" — even hop into the car and make a quick trip to the package store for Sunday's needs — put on your bib and tucker and pick up the doll of the moment for a jaunt on the town — Cabareting and sort of turning on some of those Bright Lights — so many, many times you drove out to a lake to fish during the summer months and even went during the winter. Thoughts — beautiful to recollect and dream about and ponder during some of those long and dreary evenings that seem to be endless over all of these years past. Shut yourself off for a few years from these habitats and how many of the happy times have you missed? Next time you see the Bright Lights, they seem BRIGHTER! It doesn't make much sense, does it, to miss things we appreciate so much — sort of like we didn't appreciate the finer things that go into making up life.

One thing, in order to avail ourselves of these things we've been missing, we must become a part of the Society instead of just living with it. To attain this status, something has to be done to correct the kinks in our lives — something along with the will power and determination we expend with our efforts — so, we can enjoy the good things missed now. No effort on our part is too great — but, it will take time and work from us and others.

AA

Cont. From Page 23

played their cards well or did they simply play the cards the way life dealt them? Such a person is capable of accepting actual reality because he is willing to remain at his proper stature in life.

With an alcoholic, this is not so, They are emotionally sensitive, and grandiose in behaviour traits. Considering the rough deal Life has given us, we feel it is perfectly natural to assume we are sensitive. As to the feelings of being grandiose, we insisted that we had been possessed of nothing but high and legitimate ambitions to win the battle of life.

In conclusion, if life as explained to me through AA is going to improve my outlook both as a citizen of clear-cut conscience and a sober alcoholic for the rest of my life, providing I follow the Complete Program, than Dr. Bell has helped another alcoholic BUM! There is one thought I believe in and would like to share with each of you: We are sure that humility expressed by anonymity is the greatest safeguard that Alcoholics Anonymous can ever have.

So, until the third party takes over my life, I'll shake with peace instead of rattling with fear.

UNDER

THE GYM ROOF

BY JACK WANNOP

It's a long time since this column has appeared in the mag, but there has been little going on in the gym. With the Fall Season now upon us we see a full slate of activities. Not only are the regular games back with us but some new ones have been added.

Badminton

This game requires the agility and coordination of a ballet dancer. The men who play this game are to be commended in that they get the bird (not only over the net, but they get IT!). When you watch the game being played several nights you can tell the ones who will be the most aggressive and the most apt. This is the case in here, only the regulations deter me from printing their names.

There are two sets of racquets and nets and these get a regular work-out three times a week. At first there was only one set and the men were skeptical as to playing, but as these things do, the game caught on and now they are eager for it. By the time the next installment of this column is printed there is a hope that a double knock-out tournament will be in progress, so there will be more news on it.

Volley Ball

Volleyball is in full swing again and the men are enthusiastic about it. This is going to be organized and regular competitions held. The net is new and the vim and vigor with which the ball is passed and shot over the net is refreshing to say the least. When one thinks of

the disappointments we have had here in the past, these little things make a big difference. It is a sight to see when some men who never played the game before become addicted to it, even over and above the TV in the locker room.

Table Tennis

Table Tennis has always been played here. The competition has been hot and heavy. The men vie for the laurels of which one is the best. This is never decided but they

have a lot of fun trying to be the one unbeaten champ. Some come close, but never really get to the top for someone usually topples them, and so it goes.

Basketball

The fall league is starting and with the able hand of Lyn the teams will be kept in line. The regular players are still trying to get that all-elusive top scoring position and least fouls, but the referees seem to be against them (or so they say). The men are anxious to get started and they have been playing scrub the last little while, to get in shape for the coming season. Some of the old players are still sinking those baskets with the

ease and agility of the pro's. A little guy about five foot nothing seems to be able to score more and steal more balls from the big guys who stand around the 6 foot mark than any other man in the place. Even though they put a man on him to stop him, he seems to elude the guarding player and score those points. Good luck to all of you who are in on the sports in the gym, we all wish you the top position in whatever sport you enter.

Weightlifting

The weightlifting has been going on (it really never stops) with the usual groups pushing weights. There are a few new faces on the scene and two in particular seem to dominate the body-building end of the weights. Most of the lifting done here is in the progressive manner. Body health seems to be the key, rather than how much a man can put over his head. One

thing you can be sure of, the fine results that these men are showing in body culture is infecting others who stand around admiring the physical specimens that seem to be enjoying themselves by working like the very devil to achieve phenomenal proportions in the muscle areas. We wish those fellows our best as they are creating an interest for others in a growing sport.

The Punching Bag

Old Ironhead has started training the boxing enthusiasts. (even though we do not have boxing on the card, here . . . there are always men who, for one reason or the other seem to be attracted to the heavy bag and the small speed bag) Don't take that word "Ironhead"

too lightly as the man we refer to by that affectionate title is very certainly the most capable man to train the youngbloods that otherwise would go around wasting their time doing the wrong things to get the most out of an otherwise very fine sport. Oddly enough, the

very few men who take to boxing with an idea of becoming the roughest guy in town... end up earning a great respect for the sport and if anything it changes their entire attitude about hurting the other guy. One good thing about our trainer .. he is gentle and sensitive and politely stern with those who feel the urge to be a little rough. He has a very definite manner about him and everyone respects him for the one fact that he is very capable of knocking a few heads together... yet his regard for boxing is such that he

has put all his efforts training the young to know themselves, their limitations and to regard the other man as more than an opponent.

These fellows tear their hearts out for Steve and we say that he deserves the right to all the credit he can get... even though he would be the last one to even recognize how much he has helped these men. I for one hope he won't take offense at my choice of names, you see, I have a very weak stomach, especially if someone puts their arm in to it.

Football

The League got under way with four teams competing. The schedule consisted of a twelve game series with a two game total point semi-final played between the first and the third, and the second and fourth place teams. The team standings at the completion of the season were G. Hood's Comets, R. Ducharme's Lions, J. Meccas's Eskimos, J. Roulette's Tarpins, in that order. The Comets defeated the Tarpins after a hard fought game which ended in a 27 to 12 final score in favour of the Comets. The Lions defeated the Eskimos 59 to 0 in a well played game. Although the score would indicate differently, the Eskimos played well, carrying the ball within striking distance often, however the defensive line of the Lions was just a little too rough. The Comets and the Lions were scheduled to meet in a sudden death final game.

A rush finish came up on the 19th of October, Monday, between the Lions and the Comets. After sixty minutes of hard exciting play, the Lions emerged the victors over the Comets by a final score of 8 to 2. As this was the final game of the season, the results of this game was watched with lively interest.

No league would be able to run successfully without officials. In this department we were very fortunate in having six extremely competent refereed. Our thanks fellows for making the season as sucessful as it was.



Year End Movie Schedule

Oct. 31	Trial and Error	Peter Sellers, Richard Attenborough
Nov. 7	The Secret Partner	Stewart Grainger, Haya Harareet
Nov. 14	The Day They Robbed The Bank of England	Aldo Ray, Peter O'Toole
Nov. 21	Murder, She Said	Art Kennedy, Margaret Rutherford
Nov. 28	Cairo	George Sanders, Richard Johnston
Dec. 5	Light in the Piazza	Olivia DeHaviland, Rossano Brazzi
Dec. 12	Square of Violence	Broderick Crawford
Dec. 19	Courtship of Eddie's Father	Glenn Ford, Shirley Jones
Dec. 25	Rififi in Tokyo	Karl Boehm, Barbara Lass
Dec. 26	A Ticklish Affair	Shirley Jones, Carolyn Jones
Jan. 2	I Thank a Fool	Susan Hayward, Peter Finch



OUR END OF IT

By Don Iwaniw

There are many people, both inside and outside this institution, that have never seen the inside of a print shop — and, those that have, are vaguely aware of what takes place. It is the purpose of this article to enlighten our readers.

The Echoes staff is comprised of four: the editor, who doubles as a pressman — two compositors, who have a full time job hand-setting everything — and a floorman, who has his hand in just about everything.

The entire magazine is hand-set, as stated above, which means that every letter in every word has to be selected from its cubicle in the "case", set in a holder called a "stick", and each word is evenly spaced. There are no shortcuts. After the page is set, it is "locked up" in a steel frame known as a chase, and a proof is taken on our press. (We have no proof press.) It is then proof-read for mistakes and these are corrected, (most of them, anyhow) and it is then ready for printing. Our press, which is a leftover from the Civil War in the States, can only print one page at a time. 500 copies of each page are printed — so, when the magazine is

32 pages, it means a press-run of 16,000. If there is any other color, in addition to black, it increases the press-run. Our press has a top speed of about 500 per hour (because of worn parts it cannot be speeded up) — it makes a slow and boring job to print the pages. The page, when finished, is brushed clean with kerosene — it is then unlocked, and the type is put back in the case, letter by letter. Then, the whole rigmarole starts all over again with another page.

Our two compositors also write for the magazine, covering shop articles, concerts, etc. We also have a number of contributing writers, and the inmate population is invited to submit articles for publication.

The editor has the job of shifting through the articles, editing them, typing them, sending them to be censored, and getting hollared at when something doesn't pass the eye of the censor and cannot be published. He also has to help with the presswork, the layout, and the running around looking for something to write about in the institution; and (while resting) looking for writers to cover certain sports

activities. Oh yes, incidently, he is in the habit of being the one to take it on the chin whenever some important event or happening is missed. (Glass chinny-chin, too! Ed.)

The floorman (which is me) runs the press, does the layout, sets type, and does anything else that requires experience. And, whenever a new man comes into the shop, he has to teach him from scratch, in addition to his regular duties.

Our equipment is fairly old, and we have only about half the things we need to put out a really good magazine. Pictures are hard to come by, as the camera is sometimes difficult to locate — then, the negatives have to be developed and the resulting pictures are then sent to the Winnipeg Tribune to be made into plates (free of charge) so that they can be printed, (not very good sometimes) but this is because of a combination of using the wrong type of paper, wrong type of ink, (wrong type of pressman????).

After the magazine is printed, it is then the job of the editor to have the envelopes already addressed so the compositors and floorman pitch together and gather the pages in order, put them inside a cover, staple them together, insert them into envelopes for mailing to our outside readers, lick three hundred or so stamps individually and get them over to the Censor's Office for mailing. So what's next?

We made a mess — we clean it up. Then we do the odd bit of printing for various departments within the institution, and get ready for the next issue, which starts with the editor typing out some of the articles he has been fortunate enough to get in early.

I hope the above will in some way explain our difficulties — and now perhaps we can crawl out from under the desks for the first couple of days after it is out. "Thank goodness, they've gone!" (That isn't the usual rejoinder! — Ed.)

Amateur Contest

Cont. From Page 11

when we were down.

The four winners picked from the many contestants in the Labour Day show were respectively, Jean Lefebvre, Jacques Larivier, John Isfeld and J. Dale. I shan't list all the entries by name, but I do believe mention should be made of the two western groups, Blackie Peltier's and John Nolan's group, who did a great job of backing for some of the singers. I must also doff my hat to all those who performed that day, both on the stage and behind the scenes: a good effort under trying circumstances.

